

ART NEWS AND REVIEWS---THAYER MEMORIAL EXHIBITION AT MUSEUM

Expected to Go Far Toward Establishing the Artist's Exact Claim Upon Posterity—Galsworthy Shows Paintings of English Gardens.

By HENRY M'BRIDE.

AS the Abbott H. Thayer memorial exhibition in the Metropolitan Museum of Art will soon compel the attention of students of American art, an account of the present Thayer exhibition in the Milch Galleries can safely discard the analytical for the descriptive.

It is to be assumed that the official memorial will cover the full range of the artist—which the Milch exhibition does not pretend to do—and go considerably toward finally establishing the artist's exact claim upon posterity. In one sense any picture by Mr. Thayer shows the whole man, and those who are capable of taking this point of view can begin an acquaintance with the Thayer style very well in the Milch Galleries.

This collection of paintings and drawings is the property of the family. The paintings that a popular artist guards for himself usually have special properties. Thayer was peculiarly an artist's artist—which is only another way of saying that the abstract phases of art occupied him greatly—and the things he painted for himself rather than for the public can be calculated to especially endear him to those who are already in his secret.

Thayer passed his early manhood as an artist in a time more fortunate for the arts than the present. He was making his most valiant efforts at the moment when Sargent and Jimmy Whistler were compelling even business men to take notice, when society scrambled to get into William M. Chase's studio to see Carmencita dance, and when Augustus St. Gaudens thought it not unworthy while to indulge in the luxury of a private string quartet for his atelier. In a word we were all celebrating the final escape from the mental oppressions that followed in the aftermath of the civil war, and art and artists profited greatly by the generous feelings that were liberated in the public.

To an outsider he seemed specially fortunate amid all these fortunate artists. After all, what can a genuine artist desire more than to be understood? Thayer seemed to meet with wholesale appreciation. When Sargent's portrait of little Beatrice Golet was the talk of the town the mob was almost equally dense before the big Thayer composition which was shown at the same time, and I recall distinctly being scandalized at the huge sum for which the latter was sold.

But now, looking again at paintings by Abbott H. Thayer, I seem to feel that all was not so mentally smooth for him as it might have been. There were surely two spirits that struggled within him. He had looked upon the work of the old masters abroad and many of their processes came to him easily. He could make the solid bulk, he got uncanny effects of light and he acquired a large gesture. His things carry well to a distance. But it is evident he had a private repugnance for the thing that makes the picture for the uneducated. Once sure that he was merely talking to himself, or, what is just as easy, to some one in whom he had absolute confidence, he became quite abstract. Drawing and realism of a sort were necessary then even among one's artist friends, all of whom had gone to Bouguereau or Gerome to learn to draw, but at home, in private, and amid sure friends, what a relief to throw off all these mechanics and to delve into the *je ne sais quoi*!

But one must not peer too much behind the scenes. Thayer after all worked for the public such as it existed a decade or two ago, and by his public work will be rated. But the suggestion will not quite down that Thayer is one of those who might have been happier at all points had been one of those to flourish after the acceptance of Cezanne had made the worship of the abstract respectable.

New Landscapes by Russell Cheney

Of the new people Russell Cheney, exhibiting in the Babcock Galleries, is the most likely candidate of the week for fame. He paints landscape and still life and paints them vigorously and with charm. His color, while not being startlingly different, is excellent, and his design is beyond reproach, but better than these technical assets is the pleasure that the artist takes in his work and which can be felt.

His landscapes, which must be confessed, steeped in feeling, but doubtless that will come in time. The two that have most of it are "The Homestead" and "The Garden Party," the first of these being an easy and decorative picture of an old New England house. Mr. Cheney's vigor has chiefly been expended upon some mountain views in Colorado—Pike's Peak, Ute Pass, etc. In these there is plenty of bold, direct painting, and as the topography has been respected, especially in the Pike's Peak pictures, the people of Colorado and lovers of mountains in general ought to respect Mr. Cheney.

There is a formidable existing prejudice in art against mountains, due entirely to Walter Pater, who used to shut the blinds of the railway carriage when passing through Switzerland that his eyes might not be contaminated with such obvious beauty—but that, of course, is all nonsense. Mountains are all right if the artist is all right. It is only necessary to recall Hokusai and his views of Fuji to realize that this must be so. But in America, it is true, we have done little with our mountains. Mount Rainier, I am sure, is just as good material as Mount Fuji, but so far it has not arrived upon the artistic map. Mr. Cheney makes a good start with his two Pike's Peaks. Denver can back up the argument, if it really believes what I say, that mountains are all right, by buying them for its museum. It probably has a museum, but if it hasn't it ought to have. All these Western towns are getting them.

Dr. Christian Brinton has prepared a handsome catalogue for this exhibition with a particularly dazzling cover, in color, from one of the flower paintings. In an estimate of Mr. Cheney, he says:

"The accidents of training and worldly circumstance do not appear to have deprived Mr. Cheney of the priceless pleasure of adventuring in paint. The young man of aesthetic proclivities who could survive Yale, the Art Students League and the Académie Julian—who could cherish a genuine zest for pictorial expression after studying under some of our most dourly routine preceptors—certainly merits consideration, not to say congratulation. The metropolitan debut of Mr. Cheney serves to place in relief a personality somewhat different from the average painter, for here is an artist not deficient in variety of inspiration. In general plasticity of mood."

"While covering but a brief span of activity, the canvases of Mr. Cheney here on view reveal a welcome range of artistic sympathy. Of the successive steps by which the painter has attained his present phase of development the current display betrays but

phrases, and it is indispensable that they be reproduced in the catalogue of the first European exposition of Man Ray."

Thereupon follow the "phrases," which are by Louis Aragon, Arp, Paul Eluard, Max Ernst, G. Ribemont Desaignes, Philippe Soupault and Tristan Tzara. There is also a pronouncement by Mr. Ray "himself," as they say in the movies. Mr. Ray, by the way, is no relation to Mr. Charles Ray the film artist.

It might be amusing and certainly

scant trace. You discern on these walls no hint of the patient draftsman from the antique, the painter of life size nude figures or the portraitist whose facile salient crowd of 1911 was sandwiched between a resplendent red Hussar and a composition depicting the dramatic delirium of Judith and Holofernes. The traditional legacy of 'prentice days has been gradually discarded in the search for fresh motif and free personal expression. After stepping his pictures for some years in the approved black and brown *sauces* of atelier and academy Russell Cheney has won his way to the light of day, to sun flecked field and village street, and the clear, tonic atmosphere that envelops mountaintop and silent stretch of snow."

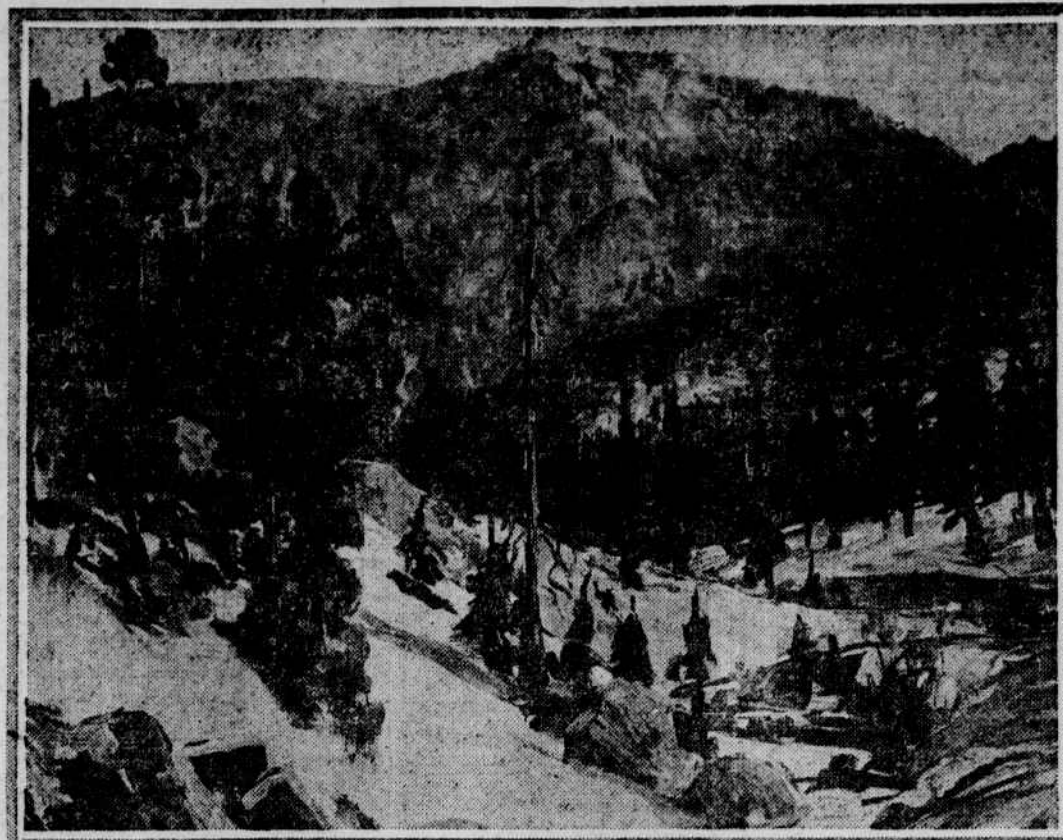
Paris Nice to Man Ray, American Artist

Prince Bibesco's contention that artists are the truest Ambassadors between the countries is again proved by the kind reception of the American painter, Man Ray, in Paris. He was welcomed instantly upon his arrival in Paris last summer by the most advanced of the younger group, feted and accepted as a brother. Now they are giving an exhibition of his latest productions, and the catalogues, copies of which have just arrived in this country, are wonderful.

The outside of the folded catalogue is of a dark and lustrous bronze, like the crockery that was so beloved by our grandmothers, and inside there is a map of a section of Paris with an arrow pointing to the place of the exhibition, which, curiously enough, is just between the Hotel des Invalides and the Ecole Militaire.

This sketch of Man Ray, rudely translated from the exquisite original, follows the map:

"Monsieur Ray was born nobody knows where. After having been successively a charcoal vender, several times a millionaire and chairman of the chewing gum trust, he decided to give heed to the invitation of the dadaists and expose his latest canvases in Paris. As a result of a banquet several of his friends felt themselves obliged to pronounce definite



"UTE PASS" BY RUSSELL CHENEY ON VIEW, BABCOCK GALLERIES

would be profitable to translate these phrases were it possible, but unfortunately it is not. They are in the very new French, which is no more to be translated than poems are, and for the same reason. The nearest in form to the language of the day is that of M. Soupault, which is as follows:

"Light resembles the painting of Man Ray as a hat does a swallow; as a cup of coffee does a lace merchant; as a letter does the mail."

But the perfume goes quite out of it in English. M. Tristan Tzara, who is decidedly the most spirituelle of the dadaists, said this:

"New York nous envoie un de ses doctes d'amour qui ne tardera pas à châtouiller la susceptibilité des artistes français. Espérons que ce chatouillement marquera, encore une fois, la pleine déjà célèbre qui caractérise la somnolence fermée de l'art. Les tableaux de Man Ray sont fait de basille de macle d'une pincee de mignonette et de persil en branches de dureté d'ame."

The "doigt d'amour" referred to by M. Tzara is the title of one of the paintings that Mr. Ray took with him to Paris and featured in his exhibition. New York will now attend impatiently the news of the vernissage of this exhibition for dadaist vernisages are usually colorful.

Galsworthy's Paintings Of English Gardens

Paintings of flowers and gardens by Frank Galsworthy now on exhibition in the Kingsore Galleries, have qualities of their own. They are in water color, and as Mr. Galsworthy is English it follows that the water colors are English, too. The English have produced some great water colorists, and a well defined tradition persists in the island as to just how water colors should be made. Mr. Galsworthy keeps well within the tradition.

He is somewhat dry in manner—an anomaly in itself for an aquarrellist—and expends all his vivacity upon the choice of subjects. These, it must be admitted, are admirable. The various views of Haver Castle and Burford Abbey would intoxicate almost any American painter. But Mr. Galsworthy took them calmly—calmly and correctly. The paintings are rather large as water colors go, and at a distance look like exceedingly agreeable colored prints. This is not in the least meant as a reproach.

The flower pieces have the merits and defects of the landscapes, being interesting as flowers at times when the technique has not cast a spell of its own. A novelty to us in the catalogue is the attribution of the flowers to the grocers who produced them; such as "Grown by

Allyn Cox and Russell Cowles, as well as sculptures by Carl P. Jennewein, Charles Keck, Paul Manship and Harry Thrasher.

In an adjoining gallery there is a collection of water colors by Miss Gertrude Hadenfeldt of subjects found in Tibet. Miss Hadenfeldt spent seven years in this curious land and enjoyed unique opportunities of seeing places that are off the beaten track. She lived for some years in Kashmir, the land beyond the snows of the Himalayas, and travelled through Himalayan fastnesses to western Tibet. Though working under considerable difficulty always, she managed to bring away a number of vivid impressions of these extraordinary lands. In Ladakh she had the fierce Asiatic winds to contend with, burning heat and bitter cold, and often to ride for weeks on the unkempt mountain ponies. In India Miss Hadenfeldt had the dust and crowds to contend with, and in China officialdom, but the Indian, though secretly convinced that all foreigners are mad, extended toward her his great quality of tolerance.

With Miss Hadenfeldt's sketches of the Orient are shown an extensive display of hand decorated fabrics from Tibet, Persia and Hindustan.

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There also are on view cards suitable for general distribution, made by hand and in specially printed forms. Members of the American Institute of Graphic Arts, the Stowaways, the New York Society of Craftsman, the Art Alliance of America, the Pictorial Photographers of America and the Society of Illustrators are represented in the exhibition, which lasts until December 24.

A group of paintings and drawings of the South Seas, made by Armstrong Sperry in 1920, during a year's sojourn among the natives of the Society Island group, the Pomotus, the Fiji Islands and Hawaii, occupy one of the small galleries. These paintings are illustrative of the life and customs of the islanders, showing the natives at work and at play.

Mr. Sperry was a guest of the island people, entertained by their ruling chiefs. He had every opportunity to study their characteristics, their moving impulses and the magic influence of their seductive surroundings—surroundings in which dazzling colors and luxurious verdure abound, and where at night plaintive music accompanies the hula, danced in the moonlight. The paintings reveal the charm of those far away shores—lands of dream. The exhibition will last until December 24.

The Whitney Studio Club has an exhibition of paintings by members of the club, and in it pictures by Samuel Halpert, George O. Hart, Isadore Feitelson and T. Watanabe stand out. Mr. Hart's contributions are water colors, not quite so impressive as those he showed in the recent Brooklyn Museum collection. In the present group his drawings are somewhat muddy and confused. He is not always successful. If detail happens not to be interesting, why put it in? In water color there is an implement not always included in an artist's outfit, but it ought to be. A pair of scissors can trim off edges to the great advantage of all concerned.

The collection of "intimate" paintings in the Macbeth Galleries has been supplemented by groups of works by Charles Warren Eaton and George A. Williams. Mr. Eaton has made a number of studies of the peaks and lakes of the Glacier National Park, in all of which there has been the effort to establish a mood as well as to make a portrait of the place. Mr. Williams continues the allegorical vein for which he is known. His pictures are sometimes small in size but never small in feeling. His pictures are sometimes so unworldly that they could be viewed through a glass to advantage. In the hasty rush of viewing many exhibitions it is quite possible for the student to give too "light an allowance of time to Mr. Williams. This might be a mistake. Certainly one of his pictures, in black and white, so sombre I could scarcely decipher it, intrigued me greatly.

The Ehrlich Galleries contain three exhibitions at present: portraits in three crayons by Frederick Theodore Weber, jewelry and decorative metal work by Marie Zimmerman and a group of old masters.

Mr. Weber's portraits show a deft command over his medium and a subtle feeling for character. Most of the portraits are of sitters from the summer colony at Southampton, among them being Henry James, Jr. and Willis James, sons of Dr. and Mrs. Henry James; Edmund Pendleton Rogers, Jr. and Rosemary Wicham, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Reginald E. Wicham. There are also two group portraits of the choir of St. Andrew's Dune Church.

Miss Zimmerman's metal work grows in distinction and simplicity at the same time. It includes a number of bowls which depend for charm upon more elegance of line and surface quality of the metal—the ornamentation being remarkable for its absence. In other vessels happy uses for bits of carved jade have been found, the jade serving as knobs for covers of banded silver. Good taste, fertility of design and fine workmanship inform all of Miss Zimmerman's jewelry pieces.

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Divers Art Exhibition In 'Art Center'

The work of the alumni of the academy in Rome is always interesting to New Yorkers, and an opportunity is now given by the Louis C. Tiffany Foundation in the Art Center Building to view some of the latest productions of these men. A special interest attaches to the group of drawings by Ezra Winter, cartoons for his decorations in the new Cunard Building, one of the most ambitious schemes of decoration undertaken here in recent years. There also are decorations by Barry Faulkner.

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Notes and Activities Of the World of Art

Faithful readers of these columns will recall that last spring there appeared here an extremely eulogistic account of an exhibition of paintings by Walter Griffin of Maine, but after writing the lines I never heard from nor saw the artist until one day last week when he was encountered in the Knoedler Galleries engaged in conversation with Mr. Charles Knoedler. Griffin, who was brought up as an artist in France and knows that notices in the public press should always be acknowledged by a pretty letter, overwhelmed me with expressions of gratitude and remorse for not having written the pretty letter.

"I tell you, old man, that was great," said he. "You wrote my obituary. Yes, sir, you wrote my obituary."

This strain was continued at some length, but the word "obituary," which occurred at frequent intervals, puzzled, naturally enough, Mr. Charles Knoedler, who could not be presumed to know what it referred to.

"They wrote my obituary once," said the latter. "I fell from a horse and there was a rumor I was dead and they rushed an obituary into the paper. Did you meet with an accident, too?" turning to Griffin.

"Accident!" Did I meet with an accident?" Mr. Griffin retorted. "You bet I met with an accident. I got a good write up from McBrice."

Maurice Sterne, who has spent a year and a half abroad, returned to town just in time to officiate as best man for his friend, Mr. Stephen Bourgeois of the Bourgeois Galleries. Mr. Bourgeois married the famous Miss Therese Duncan of the Duncan School of Dancing.

Mr. Samuel Barlow, who is now in France, recently purchased at a sale at the Hotel Drouot two paintings by Vlaminck, two by Picasso and one by Derain.

Mr. Hartpence reports that upon the occasion of a recent visit to the exhibition of modern French art in the Belmison Galleries at Wanamaker's a lady from the upper Riverside Drive section appeared to be very much mystified by the cubistic pictures. "I would like to know what these pictures are about," she was heard to utter shortly after entering the rooms, and later still more distinctly she said, "I would very much like to know what these pictures are about." But after touring the rooms she evidently came to a conclusion, for she turned out she was not at all exclaiming: "They are probably historical subjects that we don't know about."

Following the recent death of A. Augustus Healy the Brooklyn Museum received from the estate his bequest of twenty valuable paintings. Many of these have never been exhibited in the museum; others have been shown in the museum galleries as loans at various times. Among the pictures never previously seen in public is Mr. Healy's own portrait by Sargent. An installation has been made of these paintings and associated with them are all those presented to the museum by Mr. Healy during his lifetime to the number of twenty-five.

The following is the list of paintings belonging to the bequest: "St. Jerome," by Gentile Bellini; "Madonna and Child with Female Saint," by Boccaccio Boccaccio; "Roman Landscape," by Annali Boccioni; "Statue of Colosseum Near Santi Giovanni e Paolo, Venice," by Canaletto; "Lucrèce," by Lucas Cranach the Elder; "Portrait of Catullus Trivulcius," by Bernardino del Conte; "Lauging Fish-crowman," by Frans Hals; "The Danger Signal," by Josef Israels; "After the Storm," by Jacob Maris; "Ploughing Scene," by Mauve; "The Chateau," by J. F. Millet; "Christ's Ascension," by Rubens; "Portrait of A. Augustus Healy," by Sargent; "Dolce far Niente," by Sargent; "Landscape," by Sleyer; "Under the Trees," by Sleyer; "Sketch for an Altarpiece," by Tiepolo; "Madonna and Child, Saint Catherine and Saint Sebastian," ascribed to Palma Vecchio; "Portrait of a Woman," by Bartolomeo Veneto; and four miniatures of the Evangelists by an unknown artist.

Among the twenty-five paintings previously presented by Mr. Healy, the following may be noted: Works by Giulio Clovio, Canaletto, Piranesi, Taddeo Gaddi, Jordans, Jan Steen, Sir Martin Shee, Isaac Israels, Daubigny, Annie S. Swynerton and the "Portrait of Whistler" by Beldini.

Two alcoves of the eastern picture gallery have been devoted to exhibits of historic furniture. In one alcove is a collection of English furniture, mostly of the eighteenth century, including a bedstead which belonged to the first Dukes of Marlborough. In the opposite alcove is a collection of colonial and early American furniture.

The Tisot collection of pictures representing the life of Christ, has been rehung for the period of the Christmas holidays.

The exhibition of water color paintings by American artists, which has attracted such favorable notice, will be removed from exhibition after to-day.

The fifth annual meeting of the Brooklyn Society of Artists was held Tuesday, December 13, at 106 Columbia Heights, Brooklyn.

The election of officers resulted as follows: Hamilton Easter Field, president; Leon Qabo, first vice-president; Edmund Weil, second vice-president; Robert Laurent, corresponding secretary; William J. Enck, recording secretary; William E. Spader, treasurer.

The ten members of the new board of governors are P. Irving Ballou, Alexander P. Conard, Maurice G. Debonnet, William Howard Debus, Benjamin Eastman, Harry Hering, A. M. Hopf, William A. Patti, Clara Stroud and Isabel Whitney. The new governing committee is Boylan, Debonnet, Laurent, Spader and Weil.

The English Speaking Union, whose object is to promote mutual understanding, friendship and cooperation between the English speaking nations of the world, has asked the Architectural League to hold a competition for a symbolic design, or trademark, as it were, illustrating the spirit and purpose of the society, for which it will award three prizes, amounting to \$250, as follows: First, \$150; second, \$75; third, \$25. The meaning of "English speaking" Continued on Following Page.

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PAINTINGS AND DRAWINGS
by the following members of the club
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Waver Barile Samuel Halpert
Marjorie Conant George O. Hart
Isadore Feitelson Eleanor E. Sanxay
T. Watanabe
from DECEMBER 8 TO 24
Weekdays: 11 A. M. to 10 P. M.
Sundays: 3 P. M. to 9 P. M.
147 WEST FOURTH STREET

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